



The GARDEN of LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.
And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And Thou shalt not, writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.
And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their
rounds,
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.



The Little Vagabond

Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;
Besides I can tell where I can use it well,
Such usages in heaven will never do well.
But if at the Church they would give us some Ale,
And a pleasant fire, our souls to regale;
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.
Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing,
And need be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bony children, nor fasting nor lurch.
And God like a father rejoicing to see,
His children as pleasant and happy as he;
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Bore,
But kils him & give him both drink and apparel.

